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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1914 NUMBER 11

THE FAR COUNTRY.

There was no shining street of gold,
But just a trail of green,
Where grasses ran across the mold
Beside a brook serene.

There were no amaranths of light,
Nor fadeless asphodels,
But just wee daisies shy and white
And violets in the fells.

There was no choiring cherubim,
But just a raptured lark
Made music on a nearby limb
From morning until dark.

There were no pearly gates ajar
Nor throne from glory spun
But just the quiet evening star,
And just the morning sun!

The Craftsman. *Edward Wilbur Mason.*

Much is often told in a title. The subjects of articles in the the *American Journal of Theology* for October sets the wise thinking and the curious guessing. Professor Knopf of the University of Bonn discusses "Paul and Hellenism;" Professor G. B. Smith, University of Chicago, "The Christ of Faith and the Jesus of History;" Edwin D. Hardin, "Nietzsche's Service to Christianity;" Prof. Burton of Chicago, "Spirit, Soul and Flesh. Third Study;" Prof. Case of the University of Chicago finds thirteen recent books on Jesus, seven of them originally written in German by Germans.

"The Flying Squadron of America" is a sumptuously printed pamphlet setting forth the faces and commendations of perhaps a score of men and women who are on the American platform fighting with weapons of thought for the abolition of the liquor traffic. Among these faces we find such well-known men as Governor Hanly of Indianapolis, Indiana, Hon. Oliver Wayne Stewart of Chicago, Daniel A. Poling of Boston, Clinton N. Howard of Rochester, N. Y., Eugene W. Chafin, now of Arizona, Dr. Landrith of Nashville, Dr. Charles M. Sheldon of Kansas, Miss Mullin of Winchester, Indiana, Miss Shaw of Danville, Illinois, and others. Here is a "flying squadron" engaged in the bloodless war against forces entrenched behind human weakness, political cupidity and spiritual apathy. They are out for "A saloonless nation by 1920, the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims." "I am not mad O noble Festus."

No more sure has the formal and organized Christianity of Europe broken down in the presence of the calamitous test to which it has been subjected than has the same kind of Christianity broken down in Chicago when tested by the late election returns. The clean handed men and high minded women offered for the suffrage of Chicago citizens, notably Mr. McCormick, Miss Vittum and Miss McDowell as County Commissioners, were ruthlessly sacrificed and wickedly abandoned by thousands of the people who affect the pieties of Christian churches in the interest of the "party circle" and in obedience to the dictates of the "party bosses." It is humiliating to confess that the struggle all over the country was a struggle between Republican, Democratic and Progressive parties rather than between more worthy and less worthy candidates. Even when the candidates had no sort of relation with party interests except in so far as the parties hoped to promote their own interest through the by-products of offices, it required them to ignore all parties in their services to the people.

The *National Magazine* for November has a story from real life that has a "thrill in it." It is entitled "A Conquest Over Great Odds." It is the story of "sausage-making Jones," but not of the sausage that is such a favorite, or the business that has succeeded in placing this comparatively perishable dainty on the breakfast table of the alert and more favored from ocean to ocean, nor yet the legitimate triumph of wise advertising to which the growth of the business is attributed by its successful head; but of the triumph of will over pain, the conquest of mind through and in spite of disease and suffering. Here is a man who fought with the "devil rheumatism" and has triumphed notwithstanding the twisting and torturing of thirty years. A man with helpless hands and feet, one who cannot turn himself in bed, one ever on the rack of pain, who has builded and still directs a legitimate business in a way to command the admiration of the business world. It is very well to recognize the tyranny of circumstances, the power of environment, the fact that the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift. In the face of such a demonstration as this, it ill behooves the human, however pushed by circumstances and threatened by environment, to surrender. When circumstances are adverse there is a *center-stance* to be reckoned with. The story has a message not only to

the individual but to the family and the nation and the race.

"Free Poland" is the title of an attractive little semi-monthly of sixteen pages, published at 984 Milwauke Avenue, Chicago. Poland lost its political existence some hundred years ago. Its territory was carved like a Christmas turkey and divided among the conquerors. It was one of the most atrocious cases of national vivisection known in modern times, but the sequel shows how impotent are bayonet and cannon in their attempt to reorganize human sympathies and rearrange by disarrangement the sanctities of language, national traditions and the folk lore inspirations of any people. The Poles are still among the livest peoples in Europe, as the perplexities of the internal administration of the Germans, Austrians and Russians clearly prove. We welcome this little English organ of the Polish people of America where perhaps the Poles more nearly come to their own than in any other country. The issue for November 1st being number four in the series, publishes entire Thomas Campbell's "Lines on Poland, written nearly a hundred years ago with the hope of sustaining the patriotism within and awakening sympathies without the distracted people. He said: "It is still all I can do to support a tolerable cheerfulness before these kind, hospitable people, for Poland preys on my heart night and day. It is sometimes a relief to me to weep in secret, and I do weep long and bitterly." We print in our Notes from the Field the appeal of the Polish Relief Committee as one more agony cry from the torture fields of Europe, a cry all the more pathetic because it is out of hearts unsustained by any hope of political aggrandizement, or commercial advantage out of this most unjustifiable war. Whoever is conqueror the twenty-five million Poles will still be expatriated, disfranchised but not destroyed. To them belong the fidelity and inspiration and perhaps the immortality that goes to those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

The United States has at last a "long Parliament" all its own, one that will become historic on account of its length if for no other reason. The Sixty-third Congress was in continuous session for over a year and a half, but it has other claims to a place in history than the time spent in session. We believe that when the impartial historian sums up its record it will appear that it has been a busy session, a session of great significance. It has been a Congress with a President in a more intimate sense perhaps than has characterized any other Congress in the history of the country, always excepting those directed by Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. Wilson, by his calm dignity, persistent fidelity to his convictions and the loftiness of his ideals, has been making history. Of course the partisan bias, and still worse, the partisan scheming, will give extravagant praise and extravagant criticism as the case may be. "Business" may have been confused, "credit" may have been disturbed, but the honor of the United States has been promoted immeasurably by the revising of the tariff downward; by the establishing of the Income Tax, the most righteous of taxes in theory, however difficult to realize in practice; by keeping the faith with the nations concerning the Panama Canal tolls; by renewing old treaties and the ratification of twenty-two new ones; by assuming government control of Alaskan railroads; by reducing the "Pork Barrel" corruptions to an unparalleled degree; but greatest of all, by keeping the peace with the turbulent nations; by escaping not without humiliation by just a hair's breadth a militant embroglio with Mexico, in which the bumptious formalities of a party by the name of Mayo, strutting for the honor due a flag from an outlaw chieftain not recognized by the President, were a more active propulsion toward militancy than all the real disturbances among the Mexicans themselves. On Thanksgiving Day, when the blessings of the nation are catalogued, let not the name of Woodrow Wilson be omitted from the list.

Naturally *Zion's Herald* is alarmed over Professor Euchen's book, "Can We Still Be Christians?" The *Current Opinion* for November gives a page notice of the *Zion's Herald's* objection. It discovers a false note in the Jena professor's theory when it demands that "Christianity must be recognized as a progressive historic movement still in the making if it is to survive." Herein the Methodist editor finds a veritable "pitfall" in which orthodox Christianity is menaced. Perhaps therein lies not only the hopefulness but the truth in Professor Eucken's teaching. Christianity as a scheme of salvation out of an eternal hell into an eternal heaven by means of a supernatural Christ, judged either by the test of growing thought or of growing morals, is being found inadequate to the needs of the world. That kind of Christianity has broken down in the presence of the fell war forces that have been slowly but surely accumulating their malign power for the last quarter of a century, and have now broken out in demonic fury over all Europe. That kind of Christianity has broken down just as surely in the civic life of the nation and municipal affairs of this country. The churches pledged to this other worldliness are found incompetent to grapple with corrupt politics and the vicious traps that catch the unwary in the saloons and brothels of our city. In the ultimate struggle for a clean city in which clean souls can grow, religion must be ren-

dered into the plural number, and it will realize with the poet that

The soul is lost that is saved alone.

"The City of God" beyond the skies can be neglected if need be while the devout apply themselves to the building of the City of God on earth. Salvation from sin and selfishness now and here, from the devils of greed, graft and intemperance, is the highest religion today. We believe with Professor Eucken that such a religion represents the core of the New Testament message and that Jesus of Nazareth was a prophet of righteousness for, in and through this world, and that there is justification for the application of the words "Christian" and "Christianity" to such a growing, progressive religion; but if *Zion's Herald* and the great bulk of the so-called Christian world based upon the obsolete or obsolescent creeds called "orthodox," deny these words to this progressive religion justified by science and in league with the reforms, why then it is only so much the worse for the words. There is little use to quarrel with the dictionary. If "Christianity" is not the word to connote the religion of the Man of Nazareth and religion as interpreted by the growing thought and purest lives of humanity, then some other word or words must be found; but there is no hurry. Salvation lies not in terminology and nothing is more fruitless than a quarrel over the dictionary. There are words growing to take their place in the tool chest of the mind. Words fulfill their mission, serve their time, fall into disuse and are forgotten, but life and the living interests that make and use words, continue. Here as elsewhere the aroma of a good life, the beauty of holiness wherever displayed, is compelling. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

America the Asylum

Nothing finer in the way of ideal politics is found in the gropings of the past than the dream "Cities of Refuge" in the Mosaic scheme, the "Asylums" of the Greeks and the principle of "Sanctuary" of the medieval church. In each of these three ideals there was the one chance for the refugee, one place where the hunted could find safe shelter.

In the accounting of the centuries all the mining resources, the railroad triumphs and the commercial and industrial conquests of the United States will pale in beauty and significance to the one sweet and holy fact that for one blessed century at least it was a shelter for the hunted, a home for the despairing, a refuge for those who, from religious bigotry, political tyranny, financial misfortune, and a more personal wreckage of character and position, might flee as a bird to the mountain and find protection, opportunity, and a new chance to serve and be served.

It will be a sorry day in the history of the United States when its people become so burdened, so concerned for their own purity of race, and daintiness of surroundings that they become deaf to the cry of the down-trodden and close their gates against the refugee.

We cannot "place the blame" for the present horrible conditions in Europe, where not only the belligerent nations, but the age in which they live, the civilization that blinded them, and the "Christianity" that betrayed them, are all blameworthy. But we have no hesitation, in connection with all parties concerned, in extending our heartfelt sympathy for the poor bereft, battle-riddled Belgium, who found itself in the path of the tornado, that tore down its homes, wrecked its sanctities, and rendered homeless pitiful thousands of women and children, old men and invalids who were stripped by the pitiless storm. So we heartily say "amen" to this welcome of the *Independent*, which appears in the editorial of November 2nd:

BID THEM COME IN.

America has from the time of its discovery been a haven of refuge for the persecuted and oppressed of all nations, regardless of race or religion. We have of late been obliged to impose certain restrictions on immigration, but we have not abandoned our policy of hospitality. To prove it, let us now relax these restrictions in favor of the Belgians, men, women and children, whether they come with skilled hands or empty hands, whether they are likely to get good wages or to become dependents. Little Holland is said to be sheltering a million refugees and surely the richest country in the world can take care of a few hundred thousand without putting too much of a strain upon its industrial system. Our universities, colleges and academies should grant free tuition and, so far as possible, support, to the young men and women of Belgium whose studies are now interrupted. The English universities are doing this.

We have never repented of such hospitality yet. The Puritans driven out from England, the Huguenots expelled from France, and the German revolutionists of 1848 have contributed valuable elements to our population, and we shall find that the later immigrants have also brought a blessing upon their city of refuge.

The Belgians are good stock. They have done marvels with their limited resources in agriculture and manufacturing. They are industrious and enterprising, peaceable and orderly. About the responsibility for the war we do not all agree. Some blame most the Emperor of Austria; some the Emperor of Russia. But nobody blames the Belgians. Some sympathize with the French; some sympathize with the Germans. But everybody sympathizes with the Belgians.

Open wide the gate! Give them a heartfelt welcome and help them across the threshold.

In Memoriam

Poetry is perennial and the memory of the serving is ever kept green in the hearts of the grateful. It was a unique and fitting thought that led Mrs. S. A. Barnett, the widow of the efficient successor of Arnold Toynby and who for many years by common consent would have been voted Dean of social workers and Mentor of the settlement movement, to publish in attractive leaflet form a series of citations from Browning as worthily representing the thoughts of Samuel Augustus Barnett, "who came into this world February 8, 1844, and left it June 17, 1913." Mr. Barnett

was as successful an interpreter of the writings of Robert Browning as he was a successor in the work of Arnold Toynby and his associates. UNITY has been glad from time to time to enrich its columns with quotations from Robert Browning, and we make room for this list of quotations knowing that our readers will appreciate the fact that here the poet's words are illuminated by the life of a confessor of human souls, a guide to human hearts.

"This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good."
Fra Lippo Lippe.

"There is a vision in the heart of each
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure."
Colombe's Birthday.

"Hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing
That's Spirit.'
Pacchiarotto.

"There shall never be one lost good!
What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence
implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with,
for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the
heaven, a perfect round."
Abt. Vogler.

"You're my friend—
What a thing friendship is, world without end!"
The Flight of the Duchess.

"Let friend trust friend, and love demand
love's like."
Luria.

"Commend me to home-joy, the family board,
altar and hearth."
The Ring and the Book

"This May breaks all to bud. No winter now."
The Inn Album.

"When a man's busy, why, leisure
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure."
The Glove.

"Doing the King's work all the dim day long."
How it strikes a Contemporary.

. . . . . "'Tis just the many mindless mass
That most needs helping."
Jochanan Hakkadosh.

"Knowledge and power have rights,
But ignorance and weakness have rights too."
Bishop Blougram's Funeral.

"Govern for the many first,
The poor mean multitude, all mouths and eyes;
Bid the few, better favored in the brain,
Be patient, nor presume on privilege."
Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau.

"God! Thou art mind! unto the Master
mind
Mind should be precious."
Paracelsus.

"For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear—believe the aged friend,—
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is."
A Death in the Desert.

"Man's part
Is plain,—to send love forth.—"
Ferishtah's Fancies.

"What's the earth
With all its art, verse, music, worth—
Compared with love, found, gained, and kept?"
Dis Aliter Visum.

"Oh God, what shall pluck the sheep thou holdest
from thy hand."
The Ring and the Book.

"He at least believed in Soul, was very sure of God."
La Saisiaz.

"God! Thou art love! I build my faith on that."
Paracelsus.

"Let us leave God alone. Why should
I doubt He will explain in time?"
The Ring and the Book.

"I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendors, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day."
Paracelsus.

"I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it."
A Death in the Desert.

"All pain must be to work some good
in the end."
The Ring and the Book.

"God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"
Pippa Passes.

"God is, and the soul is, and, as certain, after
death shall be."
La Saisiaz.

"No, I have light, nor fear the dark at all."
The Ring and the Book.

"And I shall behold Thee, face to face,
O God and in thy light retrace
How in all I loved here, still wast thou!"
Christmas Eve.

"One of God's large ones."
Sordello.

"Through such souls alone,
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
For us in the dark to rise by."
The Ring and the Book.

"For the journey is done and the summit attained
And the barriers fall."
Prospice.

"So death completes living, shows life in its truth."
Apollo and the Fates.

"I think the Soul can never
Taste death."
Paracelsus.

"And what is left for us, save, in growth
Of soul, to rise up, far past both,
From the gift looking to the giver,
And from the cistern to the river,
And from the finite to infinity,
And from man's dust to God's divinity."
Christmas Eve.

"Keep but God's model safe, new men will rise
To take its mould."
Luria.

"Let our God's praise
Go bravely through the world at last!
What care
Through me or thee?"
Paracelsus.

THE PULPIT

Should We Pray God to Stop the European War?

Sermon Preached by the REV. E. A. COIL,
Pastor of The First Unitarian Church
Marietta, Ohio, October 25th, 1914.

TEXT: *"But Jesus answered them, My Father worketh hitherto and I work."* *John* v-17.

"Laborare est orare." That is, to labor is to pray. My Father worketh hitherto, and I work with him and to the end that his will may be done. True prayer is far more than a form of words, and its function is not, as many seem to think, to move God to do for us what we possibly can do for ourselves; but to bring about that practical and conscious unity between him and us that will insure a complete supplying of all our spiritual as well as material needs, and make us feel always that we are, in all things, co-workers with him. In other words, prayer is the soul's sincere desire to be at one with God, not always expressed in words, but shown in the upward reaching, earnest endeavors and peace of soul on the part of those who have learned how to pray. It is so living as to be able in truth to say: "I am in the Father and the Father in me." Here is an analogy, more or less faulty, as all analogies are, that may help you to grasp just what I mean.

Imagine the sun endowed with vision, reason and the power of speech. Looking down upon the earth, and noting hungry humanity, we can easily think of it as being moved with compassion, and filled with a desire to feed the needy. Appealing to an apple tree, it envelopes it in light and warmth, and the tree, responding, will put forth buds, leaves and flowers, and later on will be laden with wholesome fruit. Then imagine it, too, endowed with vision, reason and the power of speech, and desirous of feeding those in need, and that tree, referring to the hungry ones being fed, could truthfully say: "The sun worketh hitherto and I work." There is a sense in which that tree, harmonizing its energies and purpose with those of the sun, and working with it to the end that hungry children's needs might be abundantly supplied, resembles true prayer. It is something like that that goes on in the moral realm when an earnest soul opens and receives into itself the divine emanations, becomes thoroughly attuned to God, and works with him to uplift and heal the world.

The text of the morning grew out of the fact that Jesus was ministering to the needy, and was taken to task therefor because his helpful services were rendered on the Sabbath day. Referring to his extended and healing ministrations, he said: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." These are reasonable inferences. Jesus sincerely desired a whole and happy humanity. His Father and our Father were working to that end, and he gladly worked with him. The sincere desire of his soul, and his trust in God, resolved into earnest endeavors to do the Father's will concerning humanity, constituted his real prayer for a better and happier world. Of himself he could do nothing; but attuning his will and desire with the Father, and working with Him, all things that the Father desired became possible. This is true prayer. It is much more than a form of words, reverently expressed in church, and then denied in daily life. Real prayer presumes belief and trust in God, and an earnest desire to be a means through which his will is done on earth. Feeling sure that his will is that his children be harmonious and happy, I believe we should pray to him for the cessation of war; but that means far more than a formal utterance of words.

Christendom's attitude should be My Father worketh for a peaceful, hopeful, helpful world, and I work. "Laborare est orare." To adopt methods that make for peace, work with God to that end, and trust him for results is the only reasonable prayer that war shall be no more. And, in that sense, Christendom, as a whole, has never yet consistently prayed that militarism might be superseded by peace. If a man should plant thorns and thistles and then pray God to bless his planting and give him an abundance of grapes and figs, his sanity would be immediately questioned. Figuratively speaking that is just what Christendom has been doing. It has planted and cultivated the thorns and thistles of militarism, and now that the planting is bringing forth after its own kind, formal petitions are offered beseeching God to stop the war. If it were not so tragic, so fraught with destruction and distress, the situation would be ludicrous in the extreme. I know many sincere people say: "We have not meant war at all. We have only prepared for war in order that we might have peace." That is as if the man planting thorns and thistles should say: "I have not meant thorns and thistles at all. I only planted them in order that I might have grapes and figs." The principle is precisely the same. Things bring forth after their own kind in the moral as well as in the material world.

Norman Hapgood, commenting on the causes of the European war, tells the following pathetic story about himself:

> "When I was a small boy," he says, "I possessed a 36-caliber six-shooter. This weapon made a strong impression on my imagination. I had day dreams of what heroic feats I might perform with it. One day my Newfoundland dog developed a skin disease. He was an old and valued friend but the gardener said he ought to be shot. I had no reason to suppose the gardener knew anything about it. I was afraid, however, that if I delayed action, the dog might be killed otherwise and I lose the opportunity to try my revolver. I went up stairs, got my revolver, found the dog asleep and shot him in the head. The bullet glanced, and I shall never forget the look of reproach he gave me as he howled and slunk away. The die was cast then and I had to finish the job. Scarcely has a month passed in all the years since then that I have not remembered this deed with horror. It was not that I was cruel. It was that my mind was affected by the pistol."

Given a gun, ammunition and a little training in marksmanship, and the average young man will manifest a desire to try his skill upon some living thing. Granting this fact, as I think all of us must, then supplement it with military training, and cultivate in the young man's mind the idea that other peoples are the enemies of his native land, and beget hatred in his heart for them, and he will be ready for war. Then to petition God for peace, is like asking that the law that things bring forth after their own kind be repealed. "The individual is the epitome of the race." Knowing what an average young man will do in a given situation, it can be determined with a good deal of certainty what his nation or race will do if conditioned the same way. That being true the only availing prayer for peace is that one which takes the

form of cultivating always the things that make for peace.

According to the teaching of Jesus, God is universal Father, and all men are therefore brethren. Sometimes boys of the same household fall out and fight; but just as a normal earthly parent desires his children to avoid injurious and destructive warfare with each other, so our heavenly Father would have all his children be at peace with each other, and live lives of mutual helpfulness instead of engaging in destructive war. All men being brethren the normal state of society should be peace and co-operation, and not vicious competition and war. Here again the individual is the epitome of the race, illustrating clearly what racial conditions should be.

Paul, in his first letter to the church at Corinth, set the whole matter out in such a manner that we ought all be able easily to understand it. Listen to him:

> For the body is not one member, but many.
> If the foot shall say, Because I am not the head, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?
> And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?
> If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?
> But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him.
> And if they were all one member, where were the body?
> But now are they many members, yet but one body.
> And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.

As the feet, in the individual body, have need of the hands, and the hands have need of the feet, the folly of their going to war with each other is apparent to all men. The value of co-operation is there recognized and insisted upon. Now just as the hands and feet, eyes and ears in the individual must co-operate with each other to insure the well being of the whole body, so is it necessary that the different members composing the world's social organism co-operate with each other in order to promote world interests. God has set all the members in the social body as it pleased him, and each one hath need of all the others. Recent developments have proven that the European nations at war have need of each other, that they all need us and we need them. In fact world interests are so mutual and so complex that an injury to any social member is an injury to the whole body. As these facts become apparent, the folly of war, with its awful destructiveness, is more and more clearly seen. But until things cease bringing forth after their own kind, it is inconsistent to petition God to give the world peace and co-operation, and at the same time be straining every nerve to be always prepared for war. That is not true prayer. It is mockery, and a practical denial that the golden rule and the two great commandments are workable in the life of the world. Having done just those things that promote the war spirit and bring forth war, and then pray God to stop the fearful battles which we helped to bring, involves us in such an inconsistency that the wonder grows why all thinking men did not clearly discern it long ago and adopt a more consistent course.

I know the argument introduced at this point by the militarists is that the world has not yet reached the point in its development at which physical force can safely be abandoned. I grant that; but still believe that this insistence that we must ever be prepared for war, rests upon a conception of life long ago proven to be wrong, and that it should be abandoned. Instead of the old idea that nations or races are the natural enemies of each other, and that a condition of war is the normal one, it has been shown that all nations and races are members of one great social organism and that they all have need of each other. The militarist, I know, is very likely to ask: "But what are you going to do when some member of this great world social organism becomes unruly, and instead of doing its legitimate work in the body begins to try to subordinate other members and compel them to do its imperious will?" And he wants to know if we will not then have to submit to the wrong done or appeal to physical force in the interest of right. We may have to appeal to physical force; but that does not necessarily mean war. It is just as practical, once the principal of mutual interests is generally recognized, to organize a national and international police force as it now is to police our municipalities and states. Just as the police authorities of Ohio and West Virginia, working together to suppress crime and promote justice, is very different from those two states going to war with each other, so having an international police to maintain order and enforce treaty obligations, is very different from the militarism that now so burdens and harasses the world. The most ardent advocates of peace that I know do not contend that all men have developed to the point at which physical force can safely be abandoned; but many of them do most earnestly contend that the great military establishments of the world should be reduced to a police basis, and that the war spirit should be cultivated no more. I believe they are right, and in trying to bring about that change they are, in a very real sense, earnestly and consistently praying God for peace. They recognize the brotherhood of humanity, and are working with the Father of us all to establish brotherly relations throughout the world. They are not lacking in a true patriotic spirit; but they believe that patriotism, instead of being so taught as to engender hatred for the peoples of other nations and races, should be so taught as to develop it into cosmopolitanism and beget the feeling that the world is every man's country, and to do good to all men no small part of real religion.

Many of the wars fought among men have been territorial wars. In a sense the war now raging in Europe is such. Germany, we are told, is seeking room in which to expand, and other countries are looking to the maintenance and extension of commercial interests. But the war will not create a foot more of territory and, for the time being, many markets are thereby destroyed.

Christendom should go to school, for a time, to Abraham and learn a lesson in social economy. When there was strife between the herdmen of Abraham's cattle and the herdmen of Lot's cattle, because the place in which they dwelt was not large enough to support them both, Abraham said to Lot: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren." And then they proceeded to make such a division as caused the strife to cease, and conserved the interests of both far more than it would have been possible to have conserved them by means of war. There was plenty for them all, and Abraham saw that

the only thing necessary was that they avail themselves, in a peaceable and sensible way, of the resources at hand. If Christendom were half as Christian as it pretends to be, his example would be followed now. Our Father has made such abundant provision for his children that there is, at present, enough for all and to spare. What the future may develop as to this phase of the world's social economy, I of course do not know, but now there is such an abundance in the way of products and resources that nobody is of necessity in want. Our great need is to learn to live together as true brethren, each one taking that interest in the general welfare that will insure the operation of justice in all departments of life, and then, as was the case with Abraham and Lot, it will be found that there is no occasion for destructive war.

"Laborare est orare." To work for the achievement of world peace, trusting implicitly in God while we work to furnish abundant resources for humanity's every physical and spiritual need, is to pray for the cessation of war, and such a prayer, consistent, reverent and trustful, will be answered, and Christendom enabled consistently to sing "peace on earth, good will to men." But for us to sow and cultivate the thorns and thistles of militarism, and then pray God to stop war when it comes, is to be guilty of such mockery and inconsistency as should make us ashamed to pretend that we are followers of the Prince of Peace. To cultivate the war spirit and methods, and then speak prayers in which there are embodied petitions for peace, is the height of absurdity; but to follow after the things that make for peace, to work with God hopefully and trustfully, to the end that all humanity's moral and physical wounds may be healed, and a real brotherhood established throughout all the world, constitutes a prayer that will be heard on high. There will thus be established a practical and effective unity of God and humanity. Then men everywhere, filled with and dominated by the Christ spirit, will sanctify themselves for the sake of each other, and our Father's kingdom come and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Then will all battle flags be furled in a great and glorious parliament of man, the federation of the world. God help Christendom to learn thus to pray, and such fervent prayer, like that of the righteous man, will avail, and working thus with God we will:

> Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
> Ring out the narrowing lust for gold;
> Ring out the thousand wars of old,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace.
> Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be.

In the German and French ranks, march incipient Pasteurs and Ehrlichs, born with the genius to save suffering in our world; incipient Faradays, born with the genius to interpret the forces of this world; incipient Rodins and Sudermanns, born with the genius to bring the beauty out of the world. There they go, on to the chance of death before the guns.

—*Will Irwin.*

An Appreciation

Last June the Chicago daily papers gave generous space to the story of a school celebration commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Miss Florence Holbrook as principal of the Forestville school. But since the stories of the several disinterested reporters, interesting as they were, could be but the merest outline,—the shell, as it were,—of the big story lying between the two points of these twenty-five years of public service; since twenty-five years of continuous service as either preacher or teacher is comparatively rare in this restless age; and, further, since the teacher thus honored has all these years and more been a close friend of All Souls Church, and UNITY, and in closest sympathy with the ideals and aims of both, it seems fitting that the larger story of this woman's work and due recognition thereof be found in the pages of UNITY.

It is a great thing to start with a small job of work but with an ideal out of all proportion too large for that work, and before the world is aware, have the work measure up to that ideal. It is still a greater thing if in realizing that ideal the worker has kept the friendly hand clasp of those he has touched in his work, and can call around him at any moment these friends of the flitting years, as did Miss Holbrook at this silver jubilee of her principalship. As soon as the circumstance came to the mind of some of her graduates, a "committee of arrangements" was formed consisting of some of the busiest young men and women in the city, and hours of thought and time, and evening after evening of "committee meetings" were gladly spent by the young doctor and his associates in "rounding up" by correspondence most of the 2,000 graduates of this school, and notifying them of the proposed celebration on June 22nd.

So successful were they that on "alumni night" the assembly hall was filled with graduates, representatives from every class since June, 1890, to 1914, being present, and a two-minute speech from a representative of each class being part of the program.

So gladly and so spontaneously did the alumni respond to the call of the general committee, that in spirit it was more like a "home-coming" of college graduates to Alma Mater after years of separation; for many of these young men and women of the earliest classes are busy and brilliant people of affairs who have not seen each other scarcely since their "last day" at old Forestville. From some who could not be present came letters and telegrams from the widely separated coasts of our own land, and from across the Atlantic, and dollars came pouring in with which to place in loving recognition of their indebtedness to her, a bronze tablet inscribed "To Florence Holbrook—in recognition of twenty-five years of loving, loyal service as principal of this school."

The brief speeches abounded with wit as well as sentiment, and not a few of the speakers acknowledged their great indebtedness to Miss Holbrook for their love of good literature, especially of Shakespeare; affirming that but for her enthusiastic teaching of the great poet at this time of their lives they might have been deprived of this great source of pleasure.

But to return to the woman and her work. When Miss Holbrook gave up the principalship of a high school to become the principal of the Forestville

Grade School it was with a purpose, and that purpose has been accomplished in a most satisfactory degree.

Forestville School at that time numbered but 231 pupils and eight teachers. Today there is an enrollment of 1,200 pupils and the teaching staff numbers over thirty.

The young principal entered upon her new work most enthusiastically. She dreamed dreams and saw visions, and, like all dreamers and visionaries, she at once began to pay the price. But being of sturdy New England stock, reared in the strong, fresh western breezes, and tutored by a father to fear no pioneering intellectual path, no matter how steep it looked, Miss Holbrook kept serenely on in the path marked out for herself, while her world called her "impractical," "theorist," "faddist."

Many shortsighted and purturbed parents wished "she would put in more time on 'rithmetic and less on Shakespeare." But Time has a way of justifying his prophets; and lo! we find the dreams and "fads" of Miss Holbrook twenty-five years ago the accepted and prevalent methods of today in all progressive schools.

To begin with the first disturbing element in the new regime at Forestville, Miss Holbrook held and taught that nothing good in literature and art was too high for even very young children to comprehend; consequently the old Grecian mythology, as well as high poetry, was given to the little tots in the third grade—to their great pleasure and perfect understanding—Miss Holbrook believing that to fill the young brain with beautiful thoughts for its daily food will effectually crowd out the evil ones.

Nature poems of exquisite imagery which a tiny child, even, could visualize were easily committed to memory by the children; and when they, little third graders, memorized and dramatized Hiawatha, the clouds of criticism began to gather.

Then followed the study of Longfellow's other dramatic poems, and many of Shakespeare's plays, with dramatic presentations by the pupils from the fifth grade through the eighth. "Many a child," said Miss Holbrook, "has no chance for schooling beyond the grammar grades, and if he can get the taste for the best in literature during that time, fortunate indeed is he; the utilitarian studies can always be mastered as we have need of them; but for the cultural studies—literature, art, music—rarely are they acquired, or even a taste for them, if the exigencies of life require one to go to work after the grade school is finished. But, given an acquired taste, one *can* go on and know and enjoy the world's best thought."

So today it is the *regular* thing to give the grade schools high literature. One of the most notable of the many notable dramatic performances given by the school was that of Milton's "Comus," which required the children from the lowest to the highest grade. It will be remembered that this masque was written by Milton in 1634 for the Earl of Bridgewater and performed at his castle of Ludlow by his children and neighbors when he entered upon his office of Lord President of Wales (1634). The music was written by Henry Lawes in 1634 and by Thomas Arne in 1785. Miss Holbrook had to send to London to get the music, but all her trouble was amply repaid by the spirit and beauty of the performance. (Miss Holbrook was glad to be able to lend this music later to Mr. Ben. Greet for his presentation of the same play.)

"This dramatic nonsense" was another thorn in the side of some of the critics. Today the drama is regarded an essential element of education.

Beauty was inculcated from every viewpoint—the beauty of order, cleanliness, obedience, truthfulness and concentration, as well as the beauty of color and form. Flowers wherever a flower could grow, inside the building and out; pictures, sculpture, music, dancing. "To be environed by beauty is to make for happiness and holiness," says Miss Holbrook. "To take home with him the story of a great artist's or musician's struggles and achievements, is to give some yearning child hope and courage. To make a schoolhouse attractive and uplifting is to put an ineffaceable picture in the memory of many a boy and girl whose home may be lamentably lacking in beauty."

So, today, a visitor to Forestville School would be astonished at the artistic atmosphere, and the collection of pictures and sculptures. Highest grade photographic reproductions of the best paintings; oil and water colors by eminent contemporary artists, and plaster casts of some of the ancient Greek sculpture, form an art collection that many a club or small municipality the size of Forestville's constituency might covet, and would well repay a visit from even the busy and blase city dweller.

It was in 1889 that Miss Holbrook began putting her theories into practice. In 1894, in a most valuable little volume entitled "Arts for America," William Ordway Partridge, the well-known sculptor, wrote: "Art is a thing that must grow with a child's life; it can seldom be engrafted in later years. Our whole system of education is wrong in this respect. A child will knock out reading and writing from almost any environment in which he may be placed; but a love and taste for the beautiful come only through association with beautiful things. Let the starved natures of the children of our great city schools learn to know that outside those brick walls is a world of surpassing loveliness. This they will learn through seeing beautiful pictures and beautiful statuary. Let them hear not only the droning voice of the teacher, but the music of the violin and the human voice in song. So will you give them something to think about besides their books, and so will they begin slowly to take their places in the eternal harmonies of the universe. Place round the schoolroom beautiful statues, that the children may learn to respect and care for their bodies as the veritable temples of the immortal soul. From seeing Greek sculpture they will wish to know something of Greek life, and from this they cannot fail to catch that lesson of temperance which will hallow all thereafter. From such contemplation will come something calm and holy to stand by them through the tempests of after years. And lastly, write upon the walls the living words of our great poets, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Whittier and all those who have striven to uplift and dignify human life. So they will go about among our great cities as did Hermes Trismegistus in the streets of Thebes— 'In the thoroughfare,
Breathing as if consecrated,
A diviner air,
And amid discord and noises
Of the jostling throng,
Hearing afar celestial voices
Of Olympian song.'"

Miss Holbrook had been putting into practice this very preaching years before the prophetic sculptor published his book. In a chapter entitled The Relation of the Drama to Education, he also advocates the very thing Miss Holbrook was so successfully doing in her literature classes—having the pupils enter more fully into the spirit of the thing studied by acting (thus living for a while) the parts. It must have been most gratifying to Miss Holbrook to hear the young men and women at this alumni night voice their unstinted gratitude for this drill in high literature.

One of the graduates of the early class, now a promising Methodist preacher, prefaced his remarks by saying "he and his class had been out of school long enough to know that it took a pretty smart person to hold one job twenty-five years." Then referring to the drills in literature, he said, "Above all am I glad for this night's meeting that I may voice audibly what my heart has so long felt, undying gratitude for the enthusiastic drill I had under Miss Holbrook, for time afterward was so pressing during my college years, that but for this well grounded work at old Forestville my working knowledge of these classics would have been limited."

Just here recur a few sentences I recently read which seem to me peculiarly significant in this appreciation of Miss Holbrook's work for her community—and who can say *where* her community has its boundary lines? "In any action we may distinguish two parts: First, what the person himself knowingly and intentionally does. Second, and most valuable, the unconscious radiations which emanate from one in full activity. . . The unconscious radiations of moral 'example' don't work when the man is trying to set an example. Character talks when we are silent."

As yet I have said nothing about her interest in the peace movement, and space, I fear, forbids. Suffice it to say, all these years she has inculcated peace doctrines in her teaching, and for several years has had a beautiful pageant on Peace Day; and by a strange coincidence her first pageant was held on the day that the greatest peace agitators of the day, among them delegates from the Hague meeting were visiting in Chicago. They pronounced it a most unique and beautiful affair, and wonderful in its conception and execution by young people of the age of Miss Holbrook's pupils.

Does not this brief history of her work with Forestville pupils prove Miss Holbrook's contention that "Nothing great is too high for children's comprehension and love if given in the right spirit?"

Forestville School is having a new assembly hall built and a former pupil, now a well-known artist, is going to place six frescoes in the hall entitled "Peace," "Education," "Industry," and three on the Arts. Miss Holbrook, as chairman of the Chicago Peace Commission, is planning effective work for the young people's participation.

Chicago may congratulate herself on her women citizens, a true representative of whom is Florence Holbrook, teacher, author, poet, art-enthusiast, suffrage-enthusiast, but above all, child-enthusiast, and Peace Lover.

MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

My Library—No. XVIII.

Were people generally to report their first experiences with the works of Robert Browning, there would be sufficient, I am sure, to furnish a museum of psychological curiosities such as the world has seldom possessed. Of course there are those who say they have never had any trouble; that from the first Browning was as transparent to them as was the majority of his contemporaries. Probably this is so; for to such readers everything would seem transparent, quite probably however because little light could ever be seen by them, save that which was from the generating and inspiring activities of their own self-sufficient minds. Such people usually bring to the reading of an author self-observation and self-expression rather than the ability to see accurately what has been revealed in the work before them.

But I take it that most people have had their own private difficulties with Browning nevertheless; difficulties in respect of style, for which there are no familiar standards of comparison; difficulties in respect of subject-matter, for which the ordinary reader or student has had no adequate preparation; difficulties in respect of many of the subjects written about, so frequently having little relation, seemingly, to the poem underneath, and often giving no sort of practical initiative to what follows. Often, too, it probably is not so much because in ordinary senses Browning is really obscure, as because when the meaning is once found out, one must have strong doubts whether after all it has really been worth so much troublous investigation. The fact is, Robert Browning was born and bred in an atmosphere several hundred years earlier than that in which he wrote. As Chesterton intimates, he was so familiar with all sorts of long-forgotten lore that he could not comprehend, if he ever suspected, that everybody else was not just as familiar with, and just as much interested in, the very same sphere of knowing and thinking as himself. Reading him understandingly is at times quite too much like trying to read a strange language, with all the retarding yet necessary helps of dictionaries, lexicons, atlases and commentaries. When one has to be jolted at every step, even though it be along a way which may lead to certain poetical satisfactions in the end, one's attention is apt to become so distracted and wearied, that the ordinary mortal quite usually fails in perseverance, if not in temper, and so loses much that otherwise would be gained.

My own approach to Browning was chiefly because of the repeated insistence of a friend who had, as it were, caught glimpses of him in a small book of selections that was used in the "Chautauqua Classes" of the time, and who claimed to have learned to like him. Soon after this I made an independent first attempt to read and enjoy Browning, an attempt which, luckily, fell upon the short and exquisite "Home-Thoughts From Abroad." This captured me at once, and as I willingly read in close succession "My Star," and "Deaf and Dumb," and "Bishop Blongram's Apology," —with its impressive

"Best be yourself, imperial, plain and true,"—

and later stumbled upon "Mr. Sludge The Medium," and the "Flight of the Duchess," it seemed to me that after all Browning was not so exasperating or forbidding as I had been made to fear. Nor did it

prove to be so when I came to attempt "Paracelsus" and "Christmas Eve," and "The Blot on the Escutcheon." Indeed I seemed to be able to make headway, as comfortable as it was pleasant, and with promise of better luck still. But I had not reckoned entirely with my author yet. For just then I hit upon "Rabbi Ben Ezra," which, I am forced to say, except for a stanza or two proved to be almost a fearsome muddle only. That I was not alone in especial dullness here was proven when I undertook to read it aloud to a very bright woman, one who generally could see through things rather more quickly and clearly than is the rule. As I concluded she remarked, "Well, I suppose we must call it poetry, but I can make nothing at all out of it." Without particularizing, I need only say that subsequently I encountered all the adverse tides and shoals in Browning that had been reported by others with individually discovered ones in addition. Yet there was something that kept me at it nevertheless even until my spirit got "in tune," so to speak; and then the music became not only harmonious, but its meaning more surely comprehensible. Later, after having read the poem a number of times, there came additionally an unmistakable compensation in the fascination it had especially for me; I began to see light in every part of it, and eventually came to regard it, I trust, for what it really is,—a poem, a challenge, a cry of victory, and a blessed hope, all in one.

It was not, however, until I came to read "The Ring and the Book" that I really even surmised what a genius I had been dealing with, all along. To me this is one of the master productions of the world's literature. No one, in fact, but Browning could have done it; unless, possibly, Shakespeare, had he been a product of the nineteenth century. Comparing "Paradise Lost," "The Divina Commedia," the "Anaeid," these all seem really simple and secondary; for none of them deal with the psychical subtleties that Browning had to comprehend and expose, none of them had to be so varied in imagery, in argument, in narrative, even in form, as was necessary for the telling of the same story more than a dozen times over, and always with a new pith, life and success. Indeed I am inclined to say that even Goethe's "Faust" is elemental compared with "The Ring and the Book" when we carefully consider the process by which the crude metal into pure gold is there so skilfully transposed that there is eventually no dross whatever. At least, so it seemed to me, when about 1893 I first succeeded in finishing the book; and so has this idea grown ever since then, as I have re-read it by portions over and over again. Not for tyros is this book, not at all. It must have age, experience, wide reading and independent thinking for its proper handling; and time, too, to appropriate and digest without clog or weariness. But nothing in modern literature will pay better for reading, I am sure. Nor should trouble with certain other of Browning's works be allowed to interfere permanently with giving "The Ring and the Book" the attention which only will reveal its treasures or the genuine appreciation that is its due. From Browning as from few others entertainment will come only as acquaintance grows more and more familiar and persistent.

Reference to Robert Browning almost necessarily implies a no less respectful reference to "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett." Whether I have little or no right naturally to expect to read these sympathetically enough, or whether they simply offend my esthetic sense, if I have one, I do not know. But I do know that during the years since their publication I have only been able to read the first volume, and did not particularly enjoy that. The fact is, I fear that if these letters had been written by anybody else, I should offhand have pronounced them silly and passed them by forever. But I know this will never do respecting the letters of such distinguished authors and so, some day, I shall "attack" the second volume, and hope for better things, as I try to read more charitably, if not with greater sympathy. When I read these in connection with other love letters, "Love Letters of Bismarck," those of John Keats, of John and Margaret Winthrop, of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody, of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh, and others more or less approaching these in importance, I have to confess to noting in the Browning letters a lack of dignity, a lack of common sense, a superfluity of uncalled-for quizzing, and certainly a reckless diffuseness and jaggedness of expression all incalculable, that makes a few of them go a long way, both in distance and time. Of course, Bismarck's letters to his wife are probably a little too "sensible" to admit of their genuine warmth being realized by everyone. So, too, with the "Love Letters of Margaret Fuller," who almost seems to have been writing for posterity only, instead of to a real lover, waiting at the other end of the line, eager to receive them; while one is obliged to more than half doubt the entire sincerity of "Goethe's Letters to a Child," although some of the letters which "The Child" Bettina wrote in return seem sincere enough to make up, so far as general effect is concerned, for the feeling otherwise unsatisfactory.

This leaves me free to say, after due consideration of all the rest, that the shelf in My Library that might hold Love Letters exclusively would have no nobler, more genuine ones than the Carlyle-Welsh and the Hawthorne-Peabody Letters. In these there is all the loving fondness requisite for a genuine picture, all the wise helpfulness that weak and blundering mortals need, and all the inspiration that gives momentum for leaden days, or cooled hearts. Yet there is dignity, also, and sharp pith and pointedness, delightful rallying, profound sympathy, sweet and tender concern, and, what is better still, one feels all this in reading them and is made glad and strong in consequence. Not like Prosper Meramie's "Letters to an Unknown," not like Victor Hugo's "Love Letters," are these; not like Balzac's to Madame Hanska. The French heart seems quite incapable of the deep sincerity which the Hawthorne-Peabody and Carlyle-Welsh letters manifest. Perhaps the letters Matthew Arnold wrote to his family, or those that Thomas Henry Huxley wrote to his fiance, come much nearer to them. All in all, however, one could wish the whole series of published "Love Letters" were just a little more worth the reading than so many of them really are.

It has been reserved for my maturer years, as I suppose it must have been the case with many others, for me to become especially interested in the "Imaginary Conversations of Walter Savage Landor," who was so strongly suggested by the Brownings, or to be

able to get very much from them. "Pericles and Aspasia," I read many years ago; so, also, a half dozen of the more important ones between Classical personages; but in the main I postponed the reading of the rest "until a more convenient season"; or, was it because I shrank becomingly from indulging in what did not so enthusiastically attract my attention as other less erudite and less "perfect" compositions had done? Certainly, as I now read in him and note the wealth of idea, illustration, suggestion and vigor which always characterize him, I am surprised at my having waited so many years before seriously undertaking to become more fully acquainted with so important an author's life and works, especially after I had learned that almost every poet, essayist and wise reader has looked confidently to him for almost everything that is best in conception and often in execution. Lowell says, "I was first directed to Landor's works by hearing how much store Emerson set by them." And then affirms, later on, "Landor was in many ways beyond me, but I loved the company he brought, making persons for me of what before had been futile names"; and so, as did Lowell, do I also now find myself loving the company Landor brings me, as I leisurely glance at or read him and try to enter into the different phases of human history he so profoundly knows and so vividly portrays. And I doubt not I shall, as did Emerson, "Year after year go back to Landor for a multitude of elegant sentences; for wisdom, wit and indignation that are unforgettable." Even if it be true, as George Woodberry says, that "With all his gifts, Landor did not possess the unifying power," he still justified his being and doing exactly as he did most amply, inasmuch especially as, whenever "a lovely object caught his eye, and he set it forth in verse, a fine thought came to him, and he inserted it in his dialogues," he did just what, had others done the same, and this only, would have saved a multitude of serious-minded readers worlds of plodding, and would have given to the literary world a gain almost beyond imagination. Had Landor written nothing else, I should have thought it sufficient for him to have given us just this one little familiar gem:

> I strove with none; for none was worth my strife,
> Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
> It sinks and I am ready to depart,

to prove his power and skill to interest, as well as to instruct in ways as dignified as satisfying. When he makes Diogenes retort upon Plato for having charged the former with "Such are low thoughts, . . . the bird of wisdom flies low, and seeks her food under hedges; the eagle himself would be starved if he always soared aloft and against the sun," we get "a glimpse of the truth," as only Landor continually reports glimpses upon every sort of truth known to man. What a picture, again, is there of wholesome enthusiasm in the greeting of Menander as he comes upon his friend Epicurus: "Another year! another year! my old friend! *To the garden! to the garden once more,* said I to myself, as the dawn entered my chamber!" But why quote from such literally inexhaustible riches as Landor offers to the mature and zestful mind. Of them all, I would say in Landor's own words: "Smile, my friend, as you will about them, they have given him (me) a certain conscience, a spirit averse to disputation, and a friend to enjoy his garden (riches) with him uninterrupted; a friend even deeper than solitude"; and so, remain content.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

LIFE'S QUESTION.

What do you find life's question then to be
As you delve deep into its mystery?
From whence we came or whither shall we go,
Are these the things that we most need to know.

The little flower blooming on the lea,
Asks no such question now of you or me;
It blossoms, sending out its perfume sweet,
Brings forth its seed—a destiny complete.

Can we do more than this great law obey?
To blossom—giving pleasure all the day,
And when comes time for harvesting the seed,
Count every loving word and helpful deed?

A little place for every one to fill,
To do one's part in working out His will,
And then will come to your glad heart and mine
A knowing, we are part of plan divine.

MARY MILES COLVIN.

IN A ROSE'S LIFE.

We stood within a flowered close
One April eve as twilight fell;
The world was wrapped in deep repose,
My heart in love's fond spell.

The answer I should have that night,
A little while she would delay;
Who felt duress of love's sweet might,
Could nothing but obey!

Love's calendar evoked my praise,
And made delay seem less unkind;
She searched a rose-tree's clustered sprays,
The smallest bud to find.

"The night it blooms, your answer then."
I fear I said, "How shall I know
This rose from sister roses, when
The garden's all a-blow?"

For answer then a tress of hair
She took and bound with touches light
The bud, its mission to declare,
Then turned and said, "Good night!"

Time's current seemed a sluggish tide,
The dial felt some pulseless thrall;
"All other gardens," once I cried,
"Have not a bud so small!"

It seemed the miracle of Spring
Whose touches woke each sleeping eye,
This bud's fulfillment could not bring,
Or else had passed it by!

The pulses of the May-time found
Each tiny thing of leaf and blade;
And that wee bud her tresses bound,
How fair was it arrayed!

Tonight within a curtained room
I gazed upon her slumber sweet;
The garden slept in bowers of bloom,
Restless my wild heart beat;

I placed the rose, full-blown and fair,
Still bound with tresses golden-bright,
Above her heart, with love's fond care,
And murmured low, "Good night!"

Shelbyville, Indiana. ALONZO RICE.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

We are living today in times of universal dread and distress; the wildest fancy before the war could not have pictured such unspeakable scenes as are witnessed at present by the inhabitants of Europe.

It is Poland, however, with her 25,000,000 unfortunate inhabitants that finds herself in the direst predicament of all.

That country, since the first outbreak of hostilities, has been the theatre of many battles; the enemy have swept the country from end to end, so that where formerly flourished thriving villages and towns, there are now found ruin and desolation.

The world has heard of the atrocities perpetrated within the confines of Belgium; the American press has published whole columns of descriptive matter regarding the devastation wrought there by the instruments of war. Very little has been written regarding what takes place in Poland; the press has not been admitted to that stage of action.

The world has already heard of the burning of Kalisz by the Prussians and of Jaroslaw by the Austrians; yet it is not aware that thousands of flourishing villages have been razed to the ground and that hundreds of thousands of people in consequence have been reduced to extreme poverty.

All available men have been forced into military service. The Frenchman, the Englishman, the Belgian, the Russian and the German have each the consolation that they are defending their respective countries. The Pole, most unfortunate of them all, whether in the Austrian, the Prussian, or the Russian army, is fighting in the interest of his oppressor.

The people in Poland are threatened with a famine of which we at best can have only a poor conception. France and Belgium, though in the throes of the war, are countries still possessed of their own governments and powerful means of support and assistance.

Only Poland has been abandoned by all. Yet not by all. There is America—that most remarkable champion of democracy and freedom the world has ever seen. There is no need of any extra effort toward enlisting the sympathy of America for Poland; America has ever borne good will toward the country of John Sobieski, and will demand at every opportunity that justice be meted out to all the down-trodden nations of Europe. Poland is convinced that the United States will work toward justice for all people who wish to share in the bounties of peace.

And it is but natural that the Poles should look up to America for aid and assistance, for justice, sympathy and fair play, for the tremendous moral force of her endorsement.

America is indebted to Poland for the services of her illustrious sons—Kosciusko and Pulaski. Kosciusko has been called the "Father of American artillery," and Pulaski the "Father of American Cavalry." The Polish heroes fought for independence and helped the Colonies "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty."

Poland has always championed the cause of freedom and justice; we say of freedom, inasmuch as she was the bulwark of Europe against the barbarism of the East, because she received the Jews, the Hussites and emigrants of the Thirty Years' War when all the rest of the world would have none of them, and because she has ever held up high the torch of idealism; and we say of justice, because she has never believed in force and violence, while her greedless policy as carried toward her neighbors, is unparalleled, with perhaps one exception, in the history of the world.

In view of these past services rendered to the world in general and to America in particular, Poland is assured that the people of these United States cannot remain indifferent to the horrible lot of her children.

Poland looms up above the ashes and ruin of her fertile fields and prospering towns and bids us remember the example of that most eminent champion of the oppressed—Thomas Campbell.

Thomas Campbell freely expressed his sympathy for the sufferings and wrongs of Poland. Nor did he show his sympathy by words alone, but by resolute and continued action. He founded the association in London of the Friends of Poland, which not only maintained the strong interest felt by the British people for the Polish nation, but was the means of providing assistance and giving employment to large numbers of the unfortunate exiles driven from the confines of Poland.

Poland asks the citizens of this great republic to emulate the notable example of Campbell. Convinced of the sacredness of her cause, she expects from America not only words of sympathy, but, above all, resoluteness of action. She appeals to the people of America in the belief that they shall not be chary of rendering aid and assistance.

We acknowledge receipt of all contributions in *Free Poland,* a publication which is to set forth the position and aims of Poland and to promote American interest in the Polish people as a nation.

Polish Central Relief Committee.

TOMORROW

Europe, now in the travail of rebirth, holds us breathless with horror. Each day new visions of the ghastly futility of war flash over the seas. What can we say? Whence will it all lead? Grateful that we have not been drawn into the shambles, none can forego heart sympathy for the women,—the mothers who having gone to the gates of death for their sons now see them torn from them to feed the cannons.

Perhaps we are not civilized after all? Perhaps the culture of Schiller, Beethoven and Böckelin, the uplift of Hugo, Saint-Säens, Millet, the breadth of Tolstoi, Tchaikowsky and Verestchagin, the inspiration of Shakespeare, Elgar and Burne-Jones are mere phantoms. Have all our great leaders in art, music, literature and science over the seas given their lives in vain? Then is a tragedy greater than at Liege.

With cathedrals riddled with shells, schools razed to the ground, libraries afire and laboratories blown to the clouds, where is the victory of peace? What it is the world needs to foster the love for our fellow-men? Witness the

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downfall of culture and religion. Are the myriad cross-topped spires a mockery? Has Europe forgotten its Christ?

Or is this the holocaust which shall consume the injustice, the cruelty, the wickedness of the age? With the spirit of fight exhausted can Europe yet possess power to produce still greater works for humanity? Or shall she have given so wantonly of her youth, strength and wealth that there will remain only poverty, imbecility decrepitude and ruin? No one can tell what the morrow will bring. With the navies bursting in the air and sinking in the deep, with cannons drinking the life blood of the nations, with armies devouring the riches of centuries, whence will come the support for the Schuberts, the Daudets and the Brownings of tomorrow?

Renascent Europe will not be the Europe of yesterday. It will be a Europe of new ideals, new conditions, new freedom from Vladivostock to Gibraltar. Militarism, persecution, ignorance, superstition, hate, envy—all are doomed. Great will be the leader who will blaze the way from the new to the old. Such a Messiah must come, else London, Berlin, Paris, Vienna and Petrograd will crumble to dust like that which marks the spot where once the seven Trojan cities stood.

Meanwhile we in America have the opportunity of the centuries. Staggered by the misfortunes of Europe we must take the lot that fate has cast upon us. Tomorrow in America may be the dream of the ages. In music, as in all other arts, we are on threshold of a greatness which should thrill all those who love the name of the land of the free.

The Etude.

In the December *Woman's Home Companion* Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, writing the first chapter of her new serial, "The Roving Foot," with illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg, says:

"You can't do anything well if you are trying to save something. If you are saving your hands, you don't do good housework; if you are saving your clothes, you don't have a good time; if you're saving yourself, you don't put things through. You have to dedicate yourself—whole."

LIBERAL RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

The undersigned will be glad to send to inquirers free tracts, pamphlets and other printed matter as may be available, to those who are interested in knowing more of that religious movement that takes the name Unitarian or kindred titles.

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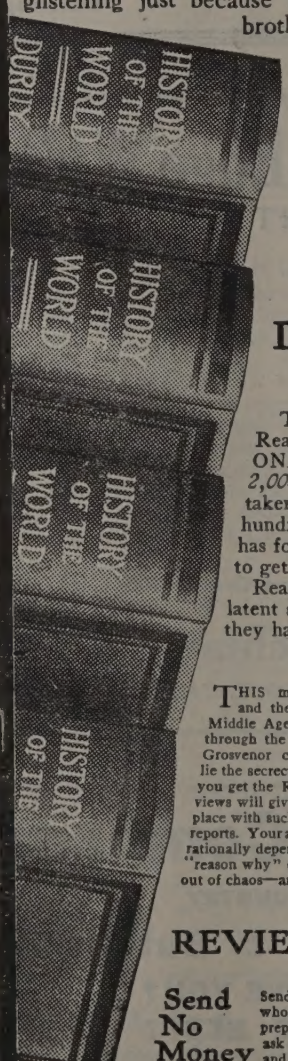

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